

1984

Southwinds - Spring 1984

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SOUTHWINDS



1984

Southwinds

VOLUME XII
1984

The staff would like to acknowledge those individuals without whom this magazine would never have risen from the ashes.

Professor Eugene Warren
Dean Marvin Barker
Associate Dean Wayne Cogell
Dean Robert Davis
Mr. Bob Blaylock
The U.M.R. Student Council
Dr. James Wise and the English Dept.

A special thanks to Pam Henley, without whose typing skills we would surely be lost.

And, of course, to all those who helped this publication by donating works, time or patience to further our cause.

Southwinds 1984 is produced in Rolla, Missouri, by the Southwinds Club and is entirely for and by the students of U.M.R.

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AND YOU...

I SAW YOU STROLLING THROUGH THE DREAMS
IN THE PAGES OF AN OPEN BOOK
AND YOU STARTLED ME ...

I SAW YOU DRIFTING AMONG THE SWIRLS
IN THE WAVES OF A RUSHING BROOK
AND YOU LOOKED TO ME ...

I SAW YOU DANCING WITH THE SHADOWS
CAST BY THE FLAMES OF A RAGING FIRE
AND YOU SMILED AT ME ...

I SAW YOU BLOWING THROUGH THE TREES
IN THE ARMS OF A PASSING BREEZE
AND YOU STOPPED FOR ME ...

I SAW YOU STANDING IN THE SHADE
AT THE EDGE OF A SUNLIT GLADE
AND YOU CAME TO ME ...

I SAW YOU FLOATING TO THE MUSIC
CREATED OF MAGIC BY ORCHESTRAL HARMONY
AND YOU LOVED ME ...

I SAW YOU RIDING OUT TO SEA
ENGULFED BY THE WATERS OF THE RECEDING TIDE
AND YOU LEFT ME ...

J.S.C.



Photo by b. a. rupert



Photo by Greg Krumrey

TIME

ONE...
Minutes thoughts, daydreams,
Form the mists that beckon
All in the late night hours...
That lead us on, as horoscopes do,
Through our difficult daily decisions
Of what to do in early spring
Or what in latter fall...
That charge to all that plans
Be made for how to best retire...
Or how to treat this planet of our's
So descendants may yet survive.
These dreams, to us, are but a few
From our universe of visions
And our infinite store of time.
So far from our immediate concerns
Are our children's children's children...
And not so remote, yet still far removed,
Is the rest in our autumnal years.
What is to occur in spring or fall
Are matters for those times,
And daily decisions decided then,
Not as our dreams have told.
The dreams of night are mine to hold
As hold I can the vapor,
The daydream blurs, reality returns
...SECOND

-Dave Palmer

Deus ex Machina

The struggling artist is a well-known and comic figure, but only to those who have not attempted art. To struggle for the right word, or the right color, is not a humorous subject, but a furtherance of one of man's greatest capabilities, creation. The word creation was once reserved solely for acts of the gods, but it must also apply to the artist. The artist who seeks to bring meaning into the mundane things of life must commit an act of creation--God from the machine. He must show the essence of the common things, places, and people that make up daily life. He must create and know the words or colors or notes that can convey the true life that one can lead. Many perceive this as a high arrogance, but it is, in truth, only the most basic of man's acts. Just as the religious man sees a god in all things, the artist must see that essential truth in all things, and name it, for all to see.

Robert T. Kelley

Unfinished Masterpiece

We really enjoyed each other!
We laughed and loved and even lied
about our secrets we couldn't share yet.
We explored some of the experiences that
had shaped us and made us who we were.
We even gravely committed to being
'FREE-ly' together.
And we were free!
We were free from apprehensive beginnings, 'cause
we felt like we've known each other for years.
We were free from commitment, 'cause
we just enjoyed the quality of what we had.
We were free-ly together, but we are not
free-ly apart.
Oh sure, we'd write each other!
We'd put down in words what can only be said
in kisses.
He'd go on about how I'd love it here and
I'd go on about how I'm sure I would.
We'd compare our yesterdays spent together
to our todays spent apart,
And try to understand what is is that we've got,
And just how we are going to keep it.

Joanne Ray

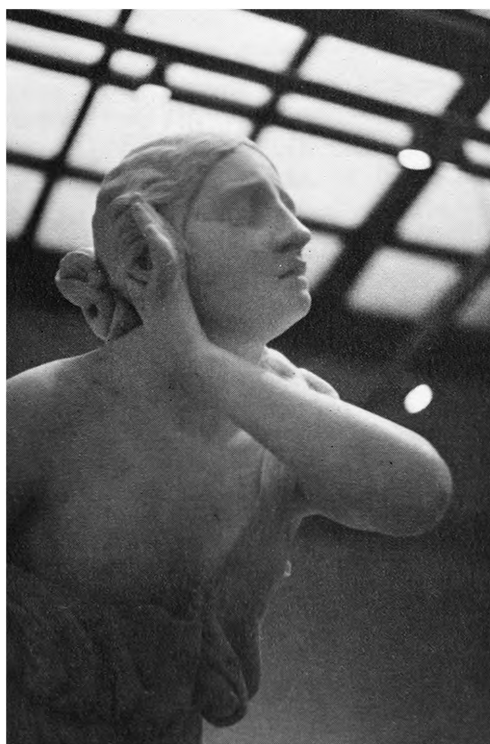


Photo by b. a. rupert

THE END OF ALL SONGS

The Aurochs brayed as ships went down,
And lyres smote as children drowned.
War's virtues poets did expound,
For men sing the flories of war.

Their finest hour, their final day,
In serried ranks to join the fray,
They march-on as the bagpipes play,
While men sing the glories of war.

The drummer-boy beats out the time
of lives, a dozen for a dime.
They end, without reason or rhyme,
Since Man sings the glory of war.

The silver bowstring sings a song of flight,

The Iron Arrow whistles a Dirge;

Ending on a piercing note.

Steve Crutchfield

Reality

"We call it Reality Transcendental Corporation. You know, 'State of the Mind Electronics'. We started out with taxicabs, but they limited mind expansion. It is dangerous to try astral projection in a moving vehicle, especially if you're driving. So we moved into waterbeds and isolation tanks, and of course dehydrated liquor. We even drove Nestles out of the foreign market. The next room illustrates our move into gadgetry, thanks to Jeffrey, our token mad scientist. He was working at Reality Bar and Grill making a batch of his now patented radioactive chili when he came up with the key to controlled genetic mutation. He later went on to develop such household items as thermal gradient processors, cryogenic power supplies, and that ever popular cocktail, the 'Shoeshine'. That got us into such diverse fields as the holographic recording studios, thought to screen printing, and a modification for fusion within mobile vehicles, hopefully to be ready this fall for the new line of cars. Some of our major strides have been in our military products division. Our missile antidetection device has proven impenetrable in all tests. Parapsychic manipulation appears to be effective, though it is still in the development stages. Random access monitor and control is built into all of our present day space vehicles and satellites. Which brings me to the point.

"Of the pursuits of significant interest, we have managed to immerse ourselves in almost all. From books to pharmaceuticals to sonic warfare, we have been not only competitive, but, for the most part, dominating. Yet there is one field which we have managed to avoid, out of precautionary concerns more than disinterest. I refer, of course to politics. Because of conflicting interests and an uncoalesced coporation goal, it has been deemed wise to stray from such a tender and fluctuating sphere. However, due to recent developments, significant advancements which must remain confidential at present, we have decided to make our long-awaited move. At ten o'clock this morning, the RTC board of directors, myself included, carried a resolution to enter candidates for all major federal and international offices in the coming elections. Due to the reality of the present political situation, we anticipate no difficulties in obtaining these positions, and are looking forward to the integration of the public sector into our corporate society.

Thank you for coming."

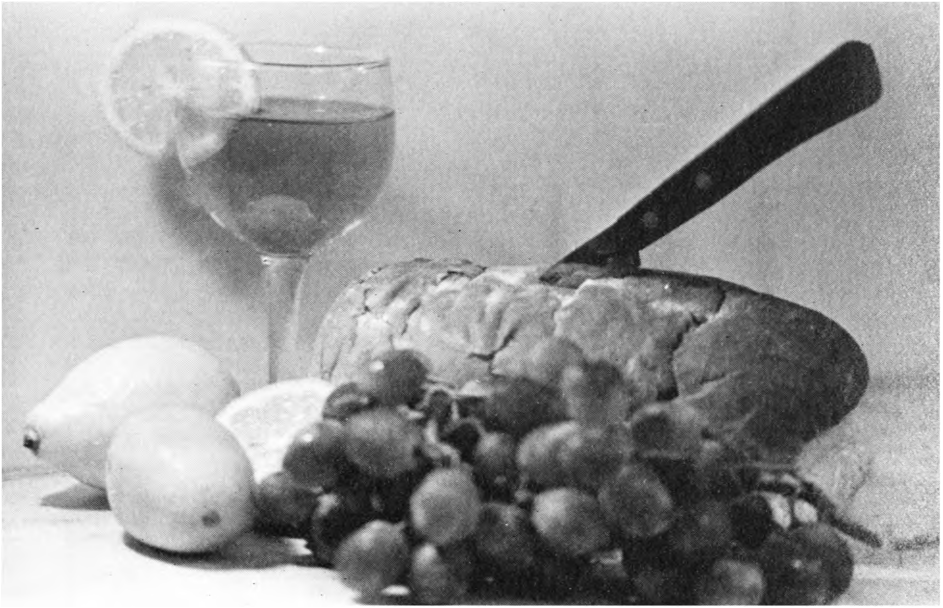
-Wm. M. Eldridge

Pinned as if buried in wet sand, I surveyed the situation: both of my legs couldn't move, nor could my left arm. My right arm swept out an arc that contained my toolbox, assorted wiring diagrams and an outlet. It was raining outside, so no one could hear me if I yelled. My left side seemed to be on fire, but I was not afraid, I was too busy trying to figure out how the wire in my left hand had become "live". The electricity found a path through a lightbulb, across a mercury switch that was hanging out of a box at just the right angle and through a space heater sitting across the room from me. The question was purely academic since I couldn't reach any of these things.

Electricity is lazy - always taking the easiest path that can be found, and it found me. If I could give it an easier path, it might "let go". One screwdriver fit into the "hot" side of the outlet, and another completed the circuit. There was a loud "pop", the tip of the second screwdriver vanished, the lights went out, and I was free.

How strange I thought - so much power we take for granted, but never really experience it.

Greg Krumrey



"Still Life" by Daniel O. Ward II

Light. Shape. and Distance

random brightness reigns its lair
sparkling reverberations of reasonating color
(dance.)
a blanket of blue shrouds all and then
contracts cohesively into small points
exposing the myriad of orange behind
(soon)
a matte of burning orange collapses
counterclockwise
into a lattice of assorted colors-
-a collage of crisp color:
florescent checkerboards of blue and green
distort into spirals which blink in and out
of existence before swirling into a vortex and
disappear.

Brian Poindexter

Break The Link

When one is two
In mind and spirit
The pain, though dull, is real.
Two worlds exist, never to meet,
Or the pain is so much more.

Multiple entity...facing both ways...
Sustenance of each, full time.
Never to rest
For that is to slip
An utterance in one
Meant for the other.

Walls are drawn, then fortified,
For the division must be strong.
Always to fear the fatal mistake,
The path clearing breach
Whereby others may meet, introduce,
And compare that person...me.
Ever to guard, rare to rest,
A life most surely dread.
Ever to build and rebuild walls
Till time has come to cease.

Time does come as exhaustion sets,
It is now that I must quit.
Break the link of two worlds...
Seperated by one who does love both;
Break the link, not join the worlds,
For suffering's not mine;
Break the link with trigger pulled,
Lay down and bring an end.

-Dave Palmer

THE SOUND OF ONE HAND?

silent sighs.
a quiet articulation
of breath
sings buzzing,
of whispers.
flickering wings
blink.
even there?
metal scratchings
on paper
filling space.
transparent
black veined
membrane,
thin as air.
static charged space,
the humdrum of existence?
listen—
the seashell
tells the tale . . .

Charles Baldwin



Drawing by Dave Eckhard



Photo by b. a. rupert

RETICENCE

Firelight causes strange shadows
to enact D. H. Lawrence scenes
across your cheeks,
and Shakesperian tragedies
on mine.
Look at me softly--
watch too intently, and I may break.
A soft whisper comes from the stereo--
what's the music playing?
Something old and mellow with age.
Come to me in silence.
We're all making promises--
who will cry this time?
The cover on the couch is satiny soft
with a simple flower pattern
(always flowers).
Touch me quietly,
there's plenty of time.
You like to pretend,
but I know better.
After all,
I didn't come to stay.

Michel DePriest

```

10 REM           As the gentle magnetic wind
20 REM           blows the luminous digital clouds
30 REM           across the data-laden sky,
40 REM
50 REM           programs, plots and files travel
60 REM           on down the electronic highway.
65 REM
70 OPEN (1,3),"frequency.txt"
80 REM read in p,n,n1
110 READ P,N1,N2
120 DEF FNS(S)=SQR(N1*P*Q)
130 DEF FNM(M)=N1*P
140 REM Relative frequency
150 DEF FNP(P)=(1/(S*2.50663))*EXP(-(X-M)*(X-M)/(2*S*S))
160 DIM A(50,2),B(50),C$(60)
170 C$=""
180 REM

```

Greg Krumrey



Photo by Greg Krumrey

Once in a Life

Once in a life, I knew life as a child -
toying in sheltered fantasies of pampered love.

To grow

Now I am my shelter

Now I am my love.

To live

As a woman whose strengths

Are from her needs.

She is as her needs are.

She is love, for she needs love.

She is patient, for she needs an understanding

"Oh baby, I dig!"

She is gentle, for she needs T.L.C.

She is kind, that kind that summons an
understanding

"Oh baby, I dig!"

For as this woman, she is.

Joanne Ray



Photo by Roberta Morse

Smoky Nights

I never sleep well on
smoky nights
too many memories and
shattered dreams are present;
wisps of smoke
along a side street, curled
about lamp posts

I walk past memories
late a night;
an eerie memory lane
of fading stars and
crimson skys

The iridescent light
glares, but its harsh bite
is buffered by
the mist and dreams of the evening

I never sleep well
on smoky nights

Carol O'Connell

Dark Horse, Dark Wood

When the nightmare gallops across my mind
And I startledly wake to find
That I am refuged last in morning light
Recall I then, that evil wight
That gave chase and did pursue
Me through the sunless shades and dark wood.
I remember darkness and death and wait
For the horrors of succubus to dwindle
And abate.

But morning will only delay
the living death and dying agony
that awaits me in the end;
For one time I will wake from some sweet repose
And find that the fear of the dark horse
and the dark rider is reality--
Light at an end.

Robert T. Kelley

PHOTOS

I am lounging, amid a huge pile of pillows, wrapped in flannel and down. The lights are dim, allowing the shadows to fall easily on the wall. From her photograph hung above the stereo, Susan regards me with an expression of skepticism. Her body is stretched sensually over the paper, elongated and tense, like an alley cat on a fire escape reailing. Her large eyes follow me everywhere within the house, watching me like a Mona Lisa with a sardonic grin.

Books line the walls, reaching as high as the low ceilings will allow. Their wrinkled and smudged bindings rest in white pine shelves and milk cartes. Viewing them like this, I realize that there is some incongruity in my filing system. Stephen King is next to D. H. Lawrence, Hemingway besides Hesse, and Machiavelli and Aristotle recline dangerously close to such feminist philosophers as Simone de Beauvoir and Mary Daly. There is a make-shift night table beside my bed, made out of pink milk cartons. On top is an empty bottle of Grand Marnier, a full ashtray, and a carved wooden frog. The frog, made in Indonesia, is posed haughtily. He is an actor playing Hamlet, but poorly.

The tiny house, actually a converted garage, is only just big enough to house my large clutter of accumulated treasures. An Indian sword, encased in red velvet, shares a wall with my picture of Susan and a leather wineskin. Nearby an empty bird cage hangs suspended from the ceiling, out of reach of Baby Bear the cat. A wicker basket on top of a vegetable crate holds scarves, all of them bright and fluid. A guitar rests against the wall, beside the only chair in the place. The kitchen counter is more comfortable anyway. One can perch there and watch the wind chimes dance in the window.

There is a constant hum in the room, originating from the aquarium pump. Its low pitched whirl blends easily with the jazz drifting from my speakers and the smoke rising from my cigarette. The woman's voice croons softly, demanding her listener's quiet admiration.

Purdi finishes scratching at her fleas and moves to my side. Her motion brings me back to a more concrete reality. She stretches her head across my thigh, warming the small area that her neck covers. She begs for my attention with her eyes. I play with her delicate, soft ears and lose myself again as my attention is drawn outside the window.

The glass of the window next to me is bent. It brings prism colors to light when it reflects the room inside. A glimmer of light frames the horizon. The dawn is beginning to emerge. Chilling light, lemon yellow, slides into the house. The world outside is changing, evolving into something new. Colors and shapes take form out of the darkness. I bid Susan a loving good night and fall off into sleep.

Betsy T. Revard





Photo by Greg Krumrey

Christ of the Highway

Gray ghosted beard draws
 blinding high beams close,
Four tires squeal stop open shut gone,
 gravel thrown into the night,
Lost behind the five speed whine.

Shift down through the backside,
 mountain covering the curled up rider,
Silent figure woven into the upholstery,
 "Got a story to tell, mister?"
"Don't we all?"

Eyes shine out from tired hollow sockets,
 dusty voice breaks and clears for a tale,
"From God to man to martyr to myth
 to a focus for derision
And a standard for private wars.

"I've been on the road too long,
 gone are all the causes,
Reasons birth excuses,
 knowledge spawns abuse,
Moving makes it hard to settle down."

Durango peeps out of the morning light,
 peaks glistening of summer snow.
The scream of the transmission,
 long vanished in the thin air,
Remains to remind Christ of the highway.

-Wm. M. Eldridge

Friend

But he had a friend
At first he had nothing
a pistol
a round table
four men
one bullet
nothing—in the form of seven
the pistol
to spin
around and around and around
until
slowly
it stopped
pointing at one man
who picked it up
aimed at his head
and
he had a friend
He lost the game
and the money
but he had a friend
he knew it well
he knew its sound
gush-gush-gush
then flowing smoothly
yet faintly
He knew its sticky-sweet smell
its warm
sticky-sweet smell
He knew it well
from his ears
from his eyes
from his mouth
from his nose
down his throat
salty
warm
His only
yet his best friend
he called it blood

Denise Cunningham

"Turning Japanese"

I slowly scanned the ominous test before me. Crushing my pencil between my teeth and watching the splinters and green paint drop to my desk, I stared at the black letters on the cold white page. Their meaning was beyond my grasp. Question by question I dug through the closets of my memory, finally playing "eeny-meeny-miney-moe" to find the answers. I debated over and over with myself on the final question, finally choosing 49.3 over 31.4 just as the loud, gruff voice barked, "Turn in your papers!" It was the most difficult exam I had ever taken. I felt sick and angry.

Totally drained, I floated down the sidewalk, dragging my feet behind me. My eyes drifted from my head as I passed by a crowd of guys attempting to kill dead rubber snakes with long, naked tree stumps. My stomach shrank into a tight knot with my heart shoving blood through it like an earthquake. Every part of my body seemed to be at war with itself as I fought my way back to T.J..

I hated everything and everybody, but whimpered to whoever would listen. I needed someone to curse the world with me, but yelling at Rich only made me feel worse. Unable to eat my dinner, I set my tray on the rack, and, after deciding against throwing it through the window at the ignorantly sparkling sun I went back to my room to regain my composure.

Back in my room, the skateboarders floated vainly round and round above me. The warmth of my blanket and the security of my fuzzy pillow comforted me. I stretched out my arms and legs and untied my stomach. I began to calm down and to relax, laughing at the futility of my anger. My stomach felt hollow so I cracked a soda and dug into a bag of chips. I smiled to myself as I clicked on "Turning Japanese": the test was over and I was myself again.

jkb

My Backyard

In the far back yard and all along the side yards of our house lies an impressive natural barrier, something along the lines of "good fences make good neighbors", but ours takes the form of a seemingly impenetrable jungle. First there are the trees and that's fine; they indeed do a marvelous job of clouding the house in relative seclusion. Don't plan on having a thriving vegetable garden beneath the shadow of these tall thin leaf-bearers, but the shade is rather pleasant on a summery day like today. A huge cottonwood tree quietly watches over its domain. The crows, too, who sit upon its highest branches, regard everything they see as their own, and laugh at the hustle-bustle of us ants down on the ground where all is so crowded.

And crowded indeed it is. For as I have already said, the trees serve us while serving themselves. We climb. We position our books in the shade while we sun our pale bodies. We eat mulberries when we can reach them. We devise all manner of schemes to get our paws on this favoured fruit, usually without much success. Recently I've discovered that there's a white variety of mulberry which is every bit as delicious as the purple type, with the added advantages that they are less popular with the birds, and do not leave a purple dye on hand, foot, and mouth. Such is the goodness of trees.

Such is the goodness of trees that I am at a loss to explain the badness of their cousins, the low-lying shrubs. There is not a good thing you can say about them. They harbor all kinds of pestilent bugs, carnivores one and all, I am sure. Their growth is so thick you can't tell where one plant ends and another takes off. Fat chance trying to walk from our yard to the neighbors'. You'll be hog-tied before you reach first base. Some of the bushes have thorns; others deliberately thrust sticks into your eyes. On a hot summer night, the undergrowth will trap the humidity and commence to become...the jungle.

One pleasant enough evening not long ago I dared to sleep in this home of the wild, my courage aroused by perhaps too much to drink. As I went about setting up camp, I heard the stirrings of a small creature, invisible within the maze of leaves. I tried to follow ever so quietly, but I made too much noise and traveled far too slowly. I returned to my sleeping bag and prepared for sleep. My, what dreams I would have tonight. But I did not dream.

Peering out into the darkness, I could make out archways of shrubbery. I would never have noticed these from my usual vantage point six feet above the ground. Now, from ground level, I saw a whole new world I never knew existed. On all fours, nay, on all nones I slithered through the jungle oh so happily. The thorns on those bushes could not find my delicate skin down here. The bloodsucking insects did not fly so low either. At one point I saw a pair of yellow-green eyes flicker in my direction. Their bearer darted down one of the endless jungle trails. For in the jungle all trails are the same trail and it seldom leads outward. I grew tired. I chose a spot to sleep. I dreamed wonderful jungle dreams.

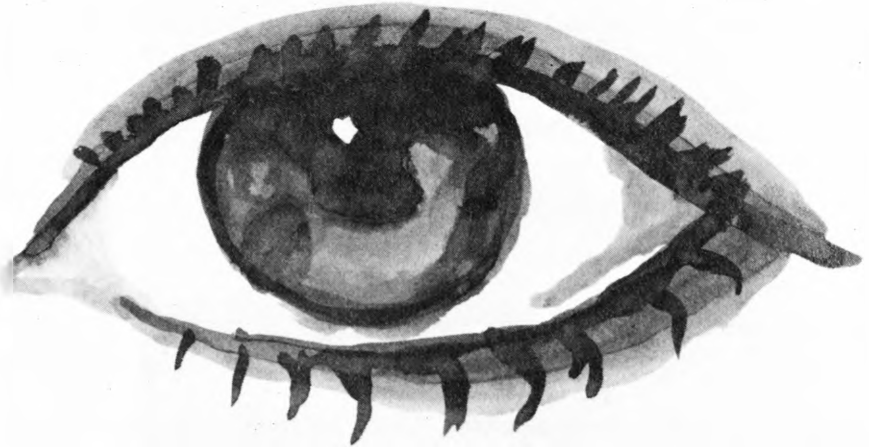
I awoke in my sleeping bag and walked toward the house. There I saw our orange cat Mashmellon with his yellow-green eyes closed, napping on the deck, and I knew what he was dreaming about.

David Wagner



Crystal eyes
Guitar strings
During winter
A bird sings
Overprotection
And yet the thought
Chips away
At the frost
Interwound silver
Towards the end
A silent greeting
Does not bend
Opinionated views and ways
continue on to other days
And in the net
A bird was caught
Time goes on
But I will not.

Marcia Waggoner



Water and ink by Betsy T. Revard

Ruby

She peers out of the wrinkles, eyeing me with suspicion. Her hands claw at her canvas bag, which is full of ancient treasures. She relaxes back into the sofa of cracked plastic, and pulls them out to show me. The first item to come out is a beat up pseudo-leather case. One of the clasps is broken and the other unfastens with an abrupt click. Resting in the worn velvet interior are two dozen cheap birth-stone rings, the kind that wear off, green and black, on one's fingers.

"Do you want one?" she asks me. "I'll give you one. What's your birthday? Need to make sure you get the right one."

"No thank you," I say, trying to find a way to refuse that will not insult her generosity. "I don't wear rings much."

She falls silent for a moment, as if deciding whether or not to take offense. Then she begins rummaging again through her bag, looking for something. She pulls out some pictures, which are old and curled up--her children and grandchildren.

"This is my son," she says. He's a good boy. His wife, she's not so good. If you know what I mean."

I just nod, completely fascinated by her bright orange lipstick, which easily exceeds the natural line of her lips.

"You married?" Her voice bursts into my thoughts. She does not cackle as one would expect, but speaks in a fluid, low pitched tone.

"No," I reply.

"Me neither," she says. "I was married once though. Sixteen years, but he's dead now, has been since '52. I'm going across the street--find me a man." She laughs. "You got a boyfriend?"

"No, just me."

"I didn't think about boys till I was twenty-two. Then I got married. Never was alone with my husband. Listen to me," she reduces her voice to a whisper. "Make sure you get the right one. Else you're better off alone. If he treats you bad, you leave. If you hit back, you're no better than he is. You hear me?" She's picking up speed in her talk, a long developed anger seeping through into her speech. Her hands clench, then loosen, and her face becomes reddish. "I wouldn't let a man touch me for a million dollars!"

I look up as some one walks in, and the old woman

also aware of another presence, begins a nonsensical sing-song speech.

"I'm going across the street to find me a man. I'm getting married tomorrow, you know. White dress, red roses--marrying me a real man. Hey!" She addresses the newcomer, "you hear me? I'm getting married!"

The newcomer looks to me, thinking the old woman to be crazy. She rolls her eyes and leaves. She can, no doubt, have no understanding of why I stay.

"That one's a bitch," says the old woman. "Excuse my French, you know I don't talk like that. Not even eighteen, and she's running around, sleeping with a thirty-five year old man. She won't go nowhere, if you know what I mean." She looks at the book I'm holding in my lap. "Watcha reading? One of those sex books?"

I have to laugh. "No," I say, "it's about the future and two alternative worlds. It's really very good."

"I don't read no more," she says. "No time. Never graduated from High School. You in school? This college over here?"

"Yes."

"Never been to college. Never had to go. Did just fine without it. I like you. You aren't stuck up like those other college brats."

I smile, honestly pleased that she likes me.

"Hey," she says, "I got an idea. Let's get married." Laughing, "No, we can't do that. Neither of us is a man. I know! We'll get married together, a double wedding! Won't that be fun!"

I just look at her, still smiling. The obvious importance that she places on the concept of marriage restrains me from telling her that I have absolutely no intention of doing so.

Noticing my silence, she says, "You know I'm just kidding, right?"

"Yeah," I say, with only a trace of the guilt that I feel at underestimating her perceptiveness. "I have to get back," I say, having just remembered that my break is already longer than it should be.

"You do that. Don't get into any trouble on my account."

Remembering all the trouble I've gotten myself into already, I have to laugh. She glances at me

with disapproval as she gathers up her belongings and walks out of the lounge with me.

Once in the store, she says in a very loud voice, "They couldn't pay me enough to work in this joint!"

Taking me completely by surprise, she reaches over and gives me a big hug. I watch her as she half walks, half runs in awkward red high heels towards the door.

"Bye honey!" she calls from the door, just as someone is entering. He nearly knocks her down with his hurried stride. She turns and catches at his sleeve. Ignoring his startled glare, she gestures at me and says, "Ain't she just cute as a button?"

Embarassed, I slip gratefully out of sight behind the counter as the old woman leaves the store.

Betsy T. Revard

The Dream

Upon the fervid wind that blew
The spirits dressed in shrouds of gloom
They hiss and moan in wailing song
To they, the chorus of the night belongs
Upon the night they scream and call
And ride the night skies darkened mall
Where flaming balls careen and soar
Plunging down to Nevermore
Beneath the sea's blue waters deep
Where, eternity, her secrets keep
Guarded by the banshees flying
Moaning, wailing are siren's crying
Where if the stranger finds them napping
He'll find the cool blue waters lapping
Up to a silent shore, his soul
A sentinel, stoic, aged and worn
That's trod the spiny path of time
That's seeking out a truth sublime
But ere that secrets ever sought
A thousand battles must be fought
Against the surging, raging tide
A swirling maelstrom that hides
A secret knowledge deep inside
To peel the hardened covers back
To see the light and walk the track
Among the restless spirits flying
Among the fire-eyed demons crying
The soul unsheaths a sword impavid
To smite the querulous, seething dragons
Within the tumultuous cloud of fighting
The swift sword flails 'gainst witches biting
Ere long is seen that demon's roar
Leaves dull and knicked the gleeming sword
And so retiring He bids adieu
Upon the fervid winds that blew
Where spirits dress in shrouds of gloom
To cackle wailing chants anew.

BH

Predators

The puma stretches out on a grey rock embedded in the slope of a mountain. Her brassy coat absorbs the warmth of the sun and reflects its brilliance. The call of a falcon overhead rouses her from her light and gentle sleep. The puma rises, her muscles undulating in the heat of the afternoon. She raises her head in a silent salute to the falcon who perches on the branch of a nearby redwood to preen. She does so with efficiency, as she gingerly pulls at her slightly mussed tailfeathers. When satisfied with her efforts, her deep brown eyes settle on the puma and she utters a small cry.

Standing as though carved upon the stone on which she stands, the puma returns the curious gaze of the falcon. A sudden rustle of leaves breaks their meditation and alerts them to their proximity to another creature. The puma moves quickly. She shifts her weight to her haunches and springs outward into a powerful leap, her body stretched and taught, shaping a parabola in mid air. She lands, front paws first and starts immediately into a run. Her prey moves out before her, charging in desperation to escape death.

Exhilarated by the commotion, the falcon stretches her wings. She lifts herself into the air, reaching toward the sun. Her flight begun, she glances quickly at the puma, who has a deer trapped under heavy paws. At the call of the falcon the cat looks up and roars, both in acknowledgement of the bird and pride in her conquest. The falcon continues to soar, searching for her own prey while the puma relaxes into her feast.

Betsy T. Revard



Drawing by Betsy T. Revard

THE FIRST LIE

"Well?" he queries angrily. Beneath the bitterness lies a hope for appeasement, an acceptable explanation. She attempts to rally her scattering wits, yet her panic yields no answers. The silence threatens and incriminates. Hesitantly at first, then gaining conviction, deception spills. Glossy bubbles of constructed hues, whose reflections twinkle cunningly, artfully cajoling, stream past her parted lips. Fragile though they are, she is helpless to stop the hollow spheres. She hears the words join into sentences, the sentences into fiction. Dismayed by the unexpected combinations the sounds have formed, she flushes. Terrified of discovery, yet embarrassed by the lie, she is uncertain how to proceed.

Dense truths begin to coalesce, conspiring against her credibility. They demand freedom. Her throat aches as they collect there, anticipating release. They are less polished, less personable than their predecessors, and unwelcome. Mistimed, they have arrived too late, for her comforted interlocutor smiles. The empty illusion has been too enticing to reject, too attractive to question. The tale is accepted. She swallows hard, remains silent, assuring the success of the peace.

Myriam Levenson

and no flowers were sent

NORMA JEAN BAKER

WAS THIRTY-SIX

AND

FRANCES GUMM

WAS

SHE WAS OLDER

AND THEY WERE SOMEONES

AND

AND AT THEIR FUNERALS

(FLOWERS WERE SENT)

EVERYONE SAID,

"NOW AIN'T THAT A SHAME?"

well mary jane

never had a chance

never was a someone

at nineteen

put a gun

against herself-

and no one knew

cause no one cared

and i say-

that's the shame.



b.a. rupert

equinox

The moon and i are sisters
wearing finely tooled masks
of pure shimmering silver
restless waning bodies
draped in heavy cloaks
woven from luminous thread
of dark reflection
Cast out of the sun
to live sheltered within
the nights double shadows
turning men into wolves
turning women into witches
we gaze down from a cliff
serenaded by the pulsing tide

Betsy T. Revard



Drawing by Randy D. Gladish

A parable:

There were two trees growing next to each other. One grew apples, the other grew pears.

The old text says: "By their fruits ye shall know them." So we shall. One tree offers knowledge--of both good and evil. The other, to use a homonym, offers pairs. Pair, as in complete; as in marriage.

One tree suggested to the other that they combine; that together they could make the best fruit of all. One that knew of good, evil, and the perfect union would be as God!

The other tree declined the suggestion. It was content.

Marcia Waggoner

Anatomy of a Riot

A second city dream
in a third century monastery.
The man says, "Set 'em free,"
but when he cut the motherfuckers loose,
A fire break went up in East Bay
and they ain't been heard from since.

Wrinkled old bag ladies lift soda cans
from overflowing trash bins,
Children born on the inside fill the night
with a sequined facepaint explosion,
Pungent toothless drunks
clasp their bottles to their sides,
Sipping silently within the moon's shade,
eyeing the tacit wall and wondering.

Ten year old black man eyes his mother carefully,
high pitched, "look, mama, I don't b'lieve that shit,"
Sorry as she cries, but proud as he storms the
ramparts,
secretly at first, tense angry trances, quietly after
curfew.

Daylight finds the majestic Philistine
restless before the city gates,
Standing nine feet tall,
rising above the buildings
Until the late afternoon shadows
return to claim the sidewalks,
Wearing the eyes of the hunted
as he awaits the ageless response.

They cut the motherfucker down,
and the shots shattered the calm.
Wild and uncaged, roaming the streets,
the bastards shone for the first time.
For two days they raged on,
ripping out cars and storefronts,
Piling up clothes and furniture
and burning tenements to the ground.

Next morning, the militia swept through
to open the place up and it looked like a tomb,
Barren and black and crusty,
rank and steaming from its decay.
The town was buried that day
with boarded windows and wrecking balls,
The people delivered without a trace
and they ain't been heard from since.



Photo by Greg Krumrey

song to return

i have visited the temple
of yahweh
found the body
of his christ bitter
on my silent tongue
his inheritance stained
with the purple
blood of ishtar
he demands the life
of lusty babylon
as sacrifice
i have journey to this place
of returning
found this city of
ageless souls
sang their song
lilith waited here
in naked glory
arms wide open
while i waded the river
barefoot unaided
skirts raised high

-Betsy T. Revard

SMILES

i

sprite-like and free
fly
the
bubblecheeked cherubs,
careless of their footing in rocky terrain;
even a lamb falters after its birth:
its expulsion onto a mountain of years,
bathed in the rays of a world so new.
playing games of leaves, love, and joy.
tender hearts haven't need to be coy,
enchanted visions in skies of dusty-blue.

ii

roses wither in the sometimes too-bright sun.
frigid winds harden mother earth against new birth.
life is long in realms of divine mirth;
games darken into long shadows, losing the fun.
dead oaks cast skeleton specters.

iii

*when i was a child,
i spoke like a child, i thought like a child,
i reasoned like a child;
when i became a man, i gave up
childish ways.*

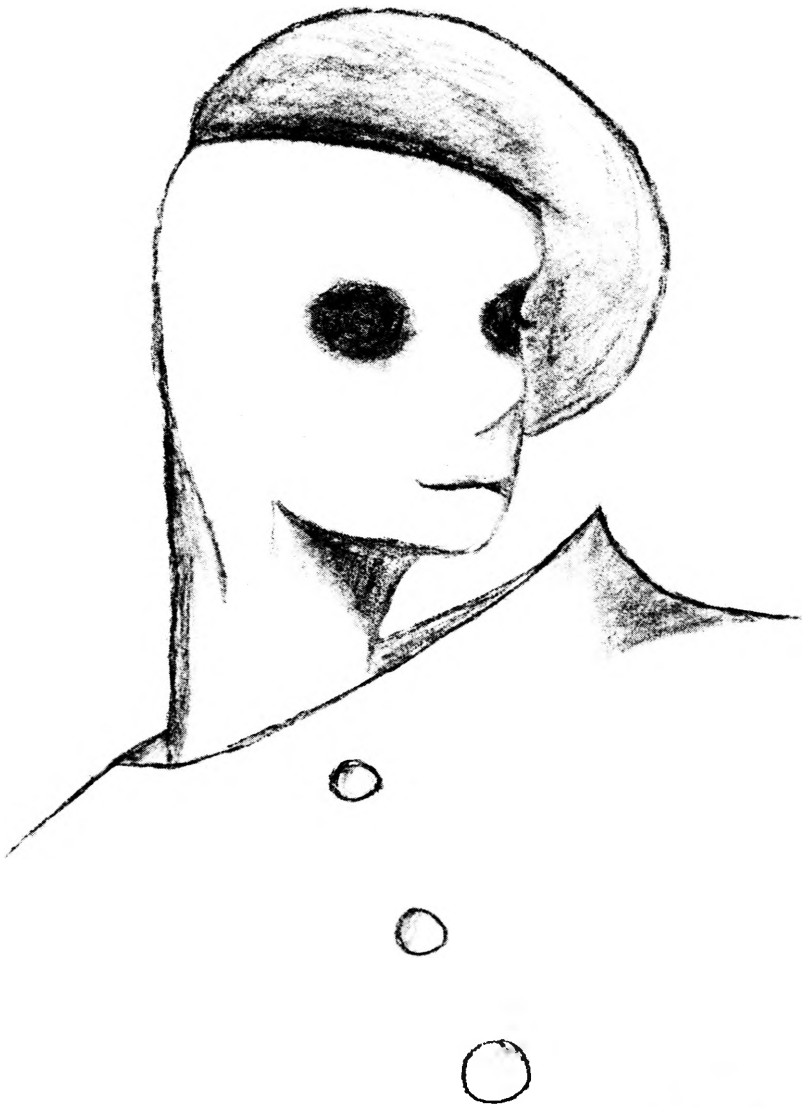
iv

red balloons climb forever higher—
knowing
the fate assigned: always UP:
only to fall.
flush-faced, weary imps collapse after the game.
the fun is lost, the rules mastered.

v

still playing: samsara?
waiting for all the rules to be told—
sometimes? always? never!
religion, philosophy, politics and love won't do;
why talking heads spout syllables building walls.
the child knows, the man forgets to smile:
life, the strangest game of all.

Charles Baldwin



S. Revard

Charcoal by Betsy T. Revard

Winterkill

Fast pack action glamour girl,
with the pumps on high
and your flame on low,
Tell me you need someone different,
yet by their rules you play your games.

Sadly misused mistress, call me
with the tears you cry
for a love that's cold.
Lay your weariness upon me.
Is it mine to take your pain?

Troubled thoughts take form inside me,
to keep me occupied
and uncontrolled,
Leave me hopeful and unguarded
until I notice you have gone.

I saw you standing on the pavement.
Though your eyes had dried,
I could not have told
Without the scars you left as shelter
for when my love has stayed too long.

So I say to myself, "Here I go again,
with my words uninspired
and my doubts creeping in.
Is this the way love always has to end,
with a heart laid out open to a friend?"

-Wm. M. Eldrige

TOUCHING DREAMS

Now and then,
Where time is never
Planned,
I steer the course
Up and through the heavens—
Into the glitter:
Behind the stars.

And when,
From a haze
Of dreams, I awake!
To a world of illusion—
Or mistake—
Only to know
Shadows of shades.

DEJA VU.

Fingers on glass;
Oily reminders—
Then smear.

Phantoms of pains . . .
Screaming that they're
There.

Deep, waking emptiness . . .
That shouldn't be
Here.

The fragile brown leaf
Of a gold season:
Years' past.

A fine line:
The crack in thin ice.

Charles Baldwin



Photo by Roberta Morse

November 19

The Field Stone

Rocks lay woven
in the yielding grass.
Old men, solid and settled
in for a long stay,
Torn into by the weather.
Faces lined with character
from the years.
Providing a surface for the sun,
sheltering worms
and small shelled bugs
in it's cool moist
underbelly.

Finis

...he watched the ground come hurtling toward his face as a spear flung toward his heart. He hit the moist ground with a thud, but then went right on through. Sounds, colors, pain, all passed away, as did the meaning for which he had so valiantly died. To stand against one's foes was, he mused, not so gallant a way to end a productive life. Art for art's sake was fine, but to stand against those who found art political and subversive was an act of folly. All the thought that he had put into his life and work was now passed, to be burned in some mock ceremony against those who oppose the majority. He suddenly smiled (if one sans body can indeed smile), and wondered when the light was supposed to come at the end of the proverbial tunnel. Nothing came.

He began to postulate on his consciousness outside of a body, and to think of all the art he left in the world unfinished. He had read a story once of one man's reward being given the power to finish his life's work, the painting of the perfect tree, by living around the tree and imagining all the details that were so unclear on earth. That indeed would be heaven.

After what seemed an eternity, he suddenly returned to his original thoughts of why he was where he was. Since no purpose seemed evident, he began to think of all the art he had left undone; the painting of the perfect woman, his mind's lifelong love, and the poem of ultimate depth, with as many shades of meaning as were possible to find.

And, with these thoughts, he drifted off slowly to the heaven he had prepared himself for.

Robert T. Kelley

Amid the flowers of an untimed day
I knew that I had lost my way
But as I looked up and across a field
A unicorn came cantering and beside me kneeled
We glided through woodland as soft as snow
Traveling as silken water would flow
His beauty was more than the wise-men know
Horn, hooves, and flanks were all flesh a-glow

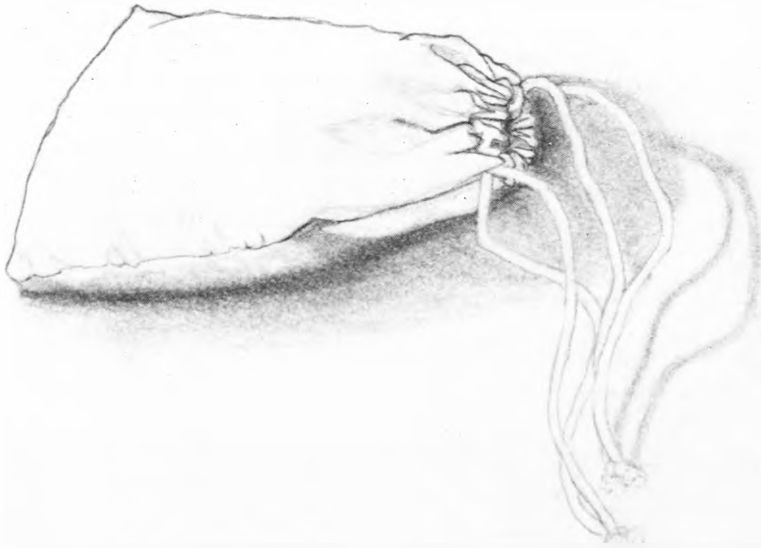
In the splendour of this day
We flew along in our dancing play
I wondered how long my life could stay
Caught, as it was, inside a sun's ray
And caught up in the enduring beauty
I was scarce to notice the thrust of duty
His horn was impaled through my body's soul
And I died knowing I'd found my true goal
 Clinging as a lost love to that last shard
 of musical beauty.

Marcia Waggoner

ghost dance

the fancy dancer draws ghosts
in the air with her shawl
lets loose its fringe to spin
a tale forgotten by the shaman
prancing and stalking her ancestors
on the mud packed floor she
finds the spirit of a warrior
the woman's bow and scars dismissed
meets the ancient healer
recovers her sacred touch
hears the cry of the hunter
her voice echoed in silent steps
the fancy dancer embraces her ghosts
twirls and sings of power
plants the hidden seed of the matriarch
in the dance of her daughters

-Betsy T. Revard



Drawing by Ron Gramann

LUPUS

The directions read: "If you get lost, ask for Diana. After that you are on your own." At the dead end of a narrow five mile road is Lupus. Fifteen white houses congregate beside railroad tracks and the Missouri River. Lupus means "wolf." Fifty live there, people that is. The wolves have been reduced to a dark night rumor, and so for that matter has Diana. The only visible human is afternoon-sunday-working under the waxed hood of his green '55 Chevie. "The Green Machine" is tastefully lettered on the doorpanel. A blue tattoo of Franklin Delano Roosevelt keeps watch on his bicep.

"Is Diana around?"

"Gone. Ain't never coming back."

So, I was on my own. And used up by three nights of not near enough sleep and three days of more than enough stimulation. I parked at the edge of town. Actually, all of Lupus is at the edge of town. From the backseat I extricated an insulite bedroll, carried at the ready for gorilla naps. I walked along a line of boxcars, sidetracked since Harry Truman high-balled through on his way back home in '53.

The Big Brown Missouri poured by swirling and whispering. Trees above me were red-aching at their tips to leaf out. On the high bank the ground was rain-muddy; but I found a level spot, dry enough to stretch out on and did. Time to apply the advice Napoleon once gave his Old Guard: "Soldiers! The skillful imitation of sleep is for a soldier as good as sleep."

The directions of a catnap-master like the sometime Emperor himself should not go untried. First, lengthen the depth and duration of breathing. Next, decide thoughts are dreams and find the way into images by remembering an unforgettable episode: I see a phantasm of me walking a trail on a bluff above the Pacific Ocean. Thudding waves vibrate the hill. The darkness is so murky I hop a fence to decipher a dim sign at the cliff's edge. Squinting to read:

D A N G E R
KEEP OFF
CAVE-IN AREA

and scratched at the bottom: "This means you, Bud!" A standing backward leap of Olympic distance happens

and I'm on quiet ground heart throbbing.

This memory is lucid enough, but a shade too perilous for calm breathing so I shift the current of my mind to images of waves breaking slowly and slowly receding. Before I know it, I have imitated sleep so well, it takes me in as one of its own.

An unaccountable moment later, I behold the elusive Diana floating gracefully into a caboose emblazoned with a wolfsmile. She waves a red bandana to a crowd at the crossing. FDR and a dozen more Loopers whose faces do not quite resolve into identity are seeing her off as the coal-smoking locomotive pulls the train out. The whistle blows faintly and Diana, red bandana still waving, heads for somewhere around the bend forever. A scream blasts my sleep. Thunderous poundings rock the trees. Forty feet from my head a freight train rolls by. Earth trembles and pulsates and shakes. Maybe the dirtbank is going to collapse into the river? Unlikely.

So, I just lay there enduring and enjoying the sensation of an earthquake for the length of 100 box-cars at 50 miles per hour. This artificial tremblor would probably register point three on the Richter scale. On the more descriptive, yet lesser known MSK* scale, it is a V.

Qualities of the V include:

- many sleeping people awake
- sensation of vibration
- buildings tremble
- timid people are frightened

A definite V.

The flashing red light of the caboose disappears around the bend. The earth settles down. An unusual delight this earthquaking and an extravagant alarm clock to set me off what with the sun fifteen minutes from the horizon and thirty miles of the twistiest road in Missouri to negotiate before dark--ideally. Good-bye Lupus!

By the time the sun balanced on the rim of far hills, I was ten miles down, around, and up that road reflecting upon my recent experience. One thought recalled this last story: My friend Doug Clark sat at a sidewalk cafe, enjoying the day, the coffee, and the cosmos--humming from the effects of an uncontrollable substance. Of a sudden the earth quaked, buildings danced, people's faces turned horrible, and the sky fell. It was neither hallucination nor freight train on Manila on April 7, 1970 but

rather an MSK VIII that toppled buildings and overturned tombstones. Years later Doug remarked, "At that moment I experienced the transience of all things earthly."

Well, my domesticated quake experience hints at that insight and for those who would like to experiment with "recreational freightquaking," as some veterans call it, I cheerfully recommend the procedure outlined above. And if anybody out there happens to meet up with Diana, tell her I say, "Bon Voyage!" After that, you are on your own.

James Bogan

Why Wisconsin Towns Are Built Right On The River

We begun talking about Gays Mill and other places along the Kickapoo and up in driftless country, almost Ozarks, rough, especially at this time of year. "The cheese factory closed down," they said, and I saw it that morning five or more years ago. Autumn. Mist still over the village so I could hardly see from the coffee shop to the river walking towards it, slate grey, bubbling, menacing with frost. Then crossing to some kind of park or maybe homes tidy with the last gardens of the year right along the river and its small rock dam.

"Kraft said the factory wasn't worth the trouble with anything less than a semi load, and they couldn't turn out that much in a week." What are those men doing now?

Sweating on a fall morning with the doors open to mist on the river and a radio on, a man came out the screen door for a breath of air. Snapped the top of a Point beer, said hi, sat down. We talked about the work and why the town was built there on the Kickapoo.

Dave and Ellen said the same thing. People who can talk all night. Given the right circumstances, otherwise, Dave's quiet, seems taciturn at first. And maybe is, a Minnesota native, but does smile and works for a corporate orchard tho it's against his politics. Enough said. We understood everything. Vietnam. Nixon. Voluntary simplicity. We even agreed that what's one's simplicity is another's luxury, the whole political question in a nutshell, the whole basis for green politics perhaps. Okra Acres.

A comfortable place, a friend said once: Buddha would stay for a while but then get stuck, hung up.

So we move on... onto Potosi. Kennon's Cafe. George F. Kennan. Gooseberry pie. Picking them. The Little tug. Moss on the rocks, a little violet growing there with the moss, existing on hardly anything but dried up moss, acorn shells, rotting twigs, everything it needs, flowering in spring with the rains, then subsisting through summer, and drought, on a ledge of sandstone.

Gays Mill too, right on the edge of a river. "Flooding didn't become a problem for those towns till they cut off the bottom land forests and filled the marshes. By the late 19th century it started." So the Corps has come to the rescue. Big dams, moving towns, levies, etc.

The old buildings gone in Soldier's Grove.
Where will the old men sit? Are sunny corners
built into the new alley ways?

And the little cheese factories? A blue cheese
omlette, with red and green peppers. And watercress
soon from the spring by Dick and Nancy's. Bluegrass
at Jean's. Wind blowing upstream in the dead of
night.

Sandy Primm

Emil and Herman

Sitting in the car eating the last of a quarter-pounder after having just been at the health food store in a blizzard, before Christmas, Margaret wants to trade her goats for firewood and David's getting read to ride over to the Powell's house to finish the sheetrock. Chavez, "Sinfonia de Antígona," David on his bike. Some kind of McDonald's burger has over 1000 mg. salt, Diana says. A big Montgomery Ward truck blocking the way. Cath making Christmas cookies. Are we going to go caroling? We did it as kids. On the desk when I get back's an envelope with pictures of the brothers.

They didn't want me to write an article for the Rolla magazine about them. Now they're tacked to the wall. They would be eating McDonald's burgers today to if they had a coupon. Tight old Germans. They're worried someone's going to get them, get them for their money.

Sandy Primm

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Charles Baldwin, English

Kip Barbour, Electrical Engineering

James Bogan, Professor of Applied Arts and Cultural Studies: "Sure signs of Spring: Southwinds and Southwinds."

James Stephen Chapman

Steve Crutchfield, English: "Steve Crutchfield is no stranger to U.M.R.; he's a strangest. He was studying Computer Science."

Denise Cunningham

Michel DePriest, English

Dave Eckhard, Engineering Undecided

Wm. M. Eldridge, Computer Science: "When the key to good government is intolerance, maybe, it's time to change the locks."

Randy D. Gladish, Computer Science: "As a friend of mine once said, 'Ice cream has no bones.'"

Ron Gramann, Mechanical Engineering

Eddie Hays, English: "I'm still looking for my log."

Bill Horst, Civil Engineering

Robert T. Kelley, Mechanical Engineering: "The artist, not the artisan, should be the paragon of society."

Greg Krumrey, Electrical Engineering: "Lately it occurs to me, what a long strange trip it has been."

Myriam Levenson, Computer Science

Roberta Morse, English

Carol O'Connell:

"'Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool,
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.'
Samuel Taylor Coleridge"

Dave Palmer, English: "For mule's sake find me a fool with enough sense to make a God of himself. (tee-hee, tee-hee... Josephine reiterated.)"

Brian Poindexter, Electrical Engineering: "Tomorrow is our permanent address."

Sandy Primm, Meramac Regional Planning Commission: "It's all in the works."

Joanne Ray, Mechanical Engineering: "For God's sake find me a man who has enough mule sense to make a fool of himself."

Betsy T. Revard, English: "Hoka Hey!"

B. A. Rupert, Economics: "Everyone seems to say the same thing, 'that these things happen to the best of us' and there is no reason to take it personally.' I always say, if it is happening to me, personally, I have every right, thank you very much, to take it personally."

Gail Sawyer, Geological Engineering

Marcia Waggoner, English:

"Reflections of an earlier time
When all was right, rich reason, and rhyme."

David Wagner, Geology

Daniel O. Ward II, Mechanical Engineering:

"Imagination inspired by appetite."

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typographical or editorial--which may have occurred
in this publication.